



Look Up.

BY CAPTAIN FLORENCE JOHNSON.

TUNE—Let me hear Thy voice now speaking.

1 Does your path sometimes seem dreary
As you fight on day by day?
Do your feet sometimes grow weary
As you tread the narrow way?
Though the sky be dark and gloomy,
To him for a little while
Look up, soldier, through the darkness,
Faith can always catch Christ's smile.

CHORUS.

Speak, Saviour, speak,

Earthly friends may fail, but never
Will the Saviour's love grow cold,
He has promised to be with you
Till His face you shall behold;
And when sad at heart and weary,
Ever keep His thought in view,
Then the Master Whom you're serving
Suffered for, far more for you.

When the cross you're bearing, soldier,
Far too heavy seems to be,
Think of this that Jesus fainting,
Tried the path to Calvary;
Staggering not, although He faltered
Naught the cruel, weary load,
And pressed forward up the mountain
Though His blood marked all the road.

And although to follow Jesus
Oft may bring you pain and loss,
Bearing in mind the path to heaven
Always leads by Calvary's cross;
And the heavenly, my comrades,
In the cross that here you bear,
All the brighter will the crown be
That at last in heaven you'll wear.

With Open Hands.

BY H. E. JOHNSON.

TUNE—Oh, where is my joy to-night!

2 The Saviour stands with open hands
To set you, sinners, free,
He waits to pardon all the past,
And give you liberty.

CHORUS.

O, sinners, come to-night,
O, sinners, come to-night,
Just give Him your heart,
For heaven is so near;
O, sinners, come to-night.

The Saviour stands with outstretched hands
To give to you joy and peace,
To lift your soul and make you whole,
To bring poor souls release.

The Saviour stands with bleeding hands
To bring your heart His love,
He'll make the past so soon to last,
If you'll look to Him above.

Courage Comrades.

BY FLORENCE PATER.

TUNE—I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

3 Courage comrades, do not falter,
In the fight keep firm and brave,
For the Lord is close beside you
While you live to seek and save.

CHORUS.

Serving Jesus, hallelujah,
With your soul, your strength and might;
Serving Jesus, hallelujah,
With your heart and life made right.

Devils oft will hold a council,
Plan their feet to overthrow,
But your Lord, so true and true,
Will your enemies bring low.

Take by faith His every promise,
Rest your soul upon His word,
Meet your fears, and doubts and misgivings
With a firm, "Thus saith the Lord."

Love His word and claim His grant,
Live by faith and not by sight;
Safely through life's last pathway
He will lead to perfect light.

Early in Spring.

BY H. E. JOHNSON.

TUNE—So early in the morning.

4 Early in spring the seed was sown,
Just look and see how it has grown;
The fields are ripe with golden grain,
O'er all the vast extended plain.

CHORUS.

The Master now is calling;
The Master now is calling;
The Master now is calling,
"Arise, and follow Me!"

SECOND CHORUS.

The Master now is calling;
The Master now is calling;
The Master now is calling
Into the harvest field.

The spring is o'er, the summer here,
The autumn too will soon appear;
Then winter cold, and stormy blast,
With summer gone, the harvest past.

Some grain will soon be trampled down,
Unless more workers can be found,
To save what God in love has given,
To be returned to Him in heaven.

Oh, brother, sister, heed the cry!
Say, "Lord, I'll go, I will obey;
Gather up the golden grain,
Since it is now the Lord was slain."

Someone.

ADAPTED BY FLORENCE JOHNSON.

TUNE—There is a better world they say.

5 Someone will enter heaven's gate,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
State of the glorious there so sweet,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Someone will march the streets of gold,
Reaching visions there beyond,
Feast on the pleasures long foretold,
Oh, shall you! Oh, shall I!

Someone will then his cross lay down,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
Go home at last to wear a crown,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Someone the Saviour then shall see,
Ever from sorrow be set free,
Happy with Him for ever be,
Oh, shall you! Oh, shall I!

Someone will knock when the door is shut,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
Hear a voice say, "I know you not,"
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Someone will call and not be heard,
Vainly will strive to reach the Lord,
Someone will lose a saint's reward,
Oh, shall you! Oh, shall I!

Someone shall sing the angel's song,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
Singing praise to God with great throng,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Someone will claim their loved one's hand,
Saying, "Glorify with the heavenly band,
And dwell for ever in their land,
Oh, shall you! Oh, shall I!"

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Oh, shall you! Oh, shall I!"

Awake!

BY KNIGHT GOODWIN.

TUNE—Telling on.

7 Awake, Christian soldier, and fight
For your God,
There are souls to be won who are bought
With the blood!
There are thousands yet who are struggling
With sin,
With the blood and the fire we shall soon
bring them in.

CHORUS.

Blood and fire, blood and fire, blood and fire,
Fire, blood and fire,
For the blood will cleanse and the fire will
fall,
Lord, send the fire upon us all.

There's the swarmer, the drunkard, the
gambler, the thief,
And many who say that of sinners they're
chief.

And the backslider, too, that we meet day
by day,
Why are they neglected to watch and to
pray.

There are others, too, who are moral and
good,
Who don't see their need to be washed in
the blood;
Oh, for power from on high their blindness
to alter.

Or down to perdition must the moralist go.
The blood of these souls, just remember
right here,
God has charged you to see that your charts
are quite clear.

Let that day come apace when before Him
you'll stand,
And a reckoning God will demand at your
hands.

Now, my comrades, go in for more of the
fire,
In the fight it will help you never to tire;
For God's kingdom on earth we all want to
see.

With prayer, faith and works we shall get
victory.

"Blessed Lord"

BY COMRADE J. B. MOORE.

8 Blessed Lord, in this is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping,
Maid the angry fallow soil,
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thee shall control.

In the past too unbellying,
Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

Oh, for trust that brings the triumph,
When defeat seems strangely near;
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer,
Faith triumphant!
Knowing not defeat or fear.

Let Me Hear Thy Voice.

TUNE—B.J. No. 83. P.W. 52.

9 Let me hear Thy voice now speaking,
Let me hear and I'll obey,
As before Thy cross I'm seeking,
Oh, chase my fears away.
Oh, let the light now falling
Reveal my every need;
Now hear me while Thy callings
Oh, speak, and I will heed.

CHORUS.

Speak, Saviour, speak, obey Thee I will
ever;
Now Thy cross I seek from all that's
wrong to sever.

Let me hear, and I will follow,
Though the path be strewn with
thorns.

It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou hast borne the storm;
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy faithless dwell with me;
Every way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.

Let the blood of Christ forever,
Flood and cleanse my heart within,
Thou hast given Thee I'll never
More claim my soul with sin.

Farwell to worldly pleasure,
Farwell to self and pride;
How wondrous in my treasure,
With Jesus at my side!

With Cheerful Hearts.

BY CAPTAIN KITCHER.

TUNE—Bound for Canada's shore.

10 The time has come
For the harvest home,
Our offerings we will bring,
With cheerful hearts
We'll do our very best,
And give to Jesus bring.
We will not lag
And the choicest drag,
But each one back will do,
For God has blessed
Us East and West,
The whole Dominion through.

CHORUS.

The Harvest Festival,
The Harvest Festival,
May souls be won,
And sinners come,
Through the Harvest Festival.

"In for the sake
Of souls we make
This effort now and all;
We hear to-day,
In the broad highway,
The Saviour's plenteous call,
The world has need,
And for will wait."

White numbers heard their gold,
O, let us not
Share the rich man's lot,
And be shut outside the fold.

Our friends so true,
That part we do,
And comrades, too, we will:
Our soldiers all
Will fill their hearts
With fruits of hill and dale,
And God above,
In His wondrous love,
Will bless our efforts all,
And give us grace
To fill our place
In the Harvest Festival.

Mrs. Brigadier Margrets.

—ASH—

CAPTAIN MASSECAR

WILL VISIT

MOOSEJAW, Saturday and Sunday, Sep-
tember 16th and 17th.

CALGARY, Tuesday and Wednesday,
September 19th and 20th.

EDMONTON, Friday to Monday, Sep-
tember 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th.

VICTORIA, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-
day, September 26th and October 1st
and 2nd.

NANAIMO, Saturday, Sunday and Mon-
day, October 7th, 8th and 9th.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Wednesday and
Thursday, October 11th and 12th.

VANCOUVER, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, October 14th, 15th and 16th.

MISSION, Wednesday, October 18th.

CALGARY, Saturday and Sunday, October
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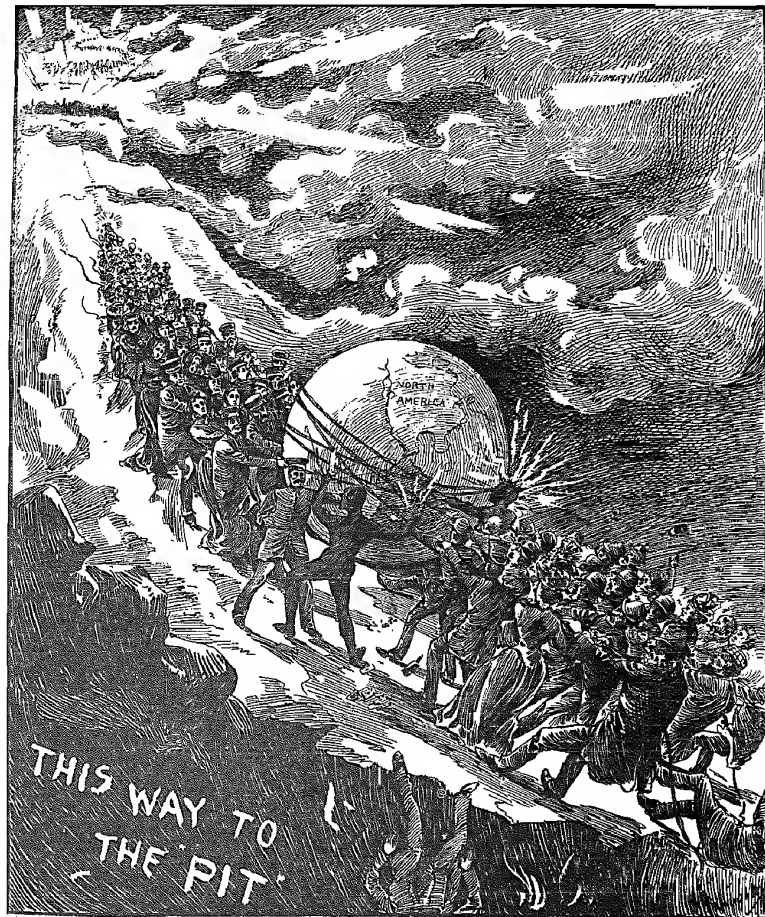
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St. Catherine's last year raised \$12,000. This year we managed to raise it \$38,000 more, and better will do.

We arranged our barracks very fully with evergreens and mottoes, etc. It presented quite an attractive appearance. We attended the meetings to the people gathered together, and many hearts were touched.

The gifts we received were very varied. The largest amount donated by one person came from our friend, Brother Sidney, of Wabash, Ind., \$1,000.

We trust it will not only enrich our material store, but pray through it souls may be saved and lay up store in heaven; we have them all. Ensign W. J. Francis

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